

## [Mrs. Kate Longfield]

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### FOLKWAY

Mrs. [Edgerton?] Arnold, P.W.

[?] County, Texas

District 8

No. Words [1508?]

File No. 240

Page No. 1 FOLKSTUFF Life history [REFERENCE?] As told by Mrs. Kate Longfield, Lampases, Texas. last in Table of [content?] p. 2. [Three Days of the Pecos. The Experiences of One of Lampasas's Pioneer Women?] [????????????????]

On the banks of the redly flowing Rio Pecos, in the crumbling, roofless, [adobe?] building, fifteen persons including four children, were for three days surrounded by more than 150 indians braves.

During the latter years of the '60's my father, J.D. [May?], lived on the frontier of Texas, and his cattle, together with those of his [?] and remote neighbors; grazed over the unfenced ranges of [???] counties, horning their way through [??] and [?] to valleys green with grass exactly suited to their liking.

[Their?] rations were neither weighed nor balanced, the length of their horns neither deplored nor marveled at, but there were great [?] in those days, and their condition was summed up in two words....."rolling fat."

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For a time [?] principal market was [???], later they went "Up the Trail," (capitols not out of place) but whatever destination [?] for them, the mode of transportation was the same... they hoofed it.

My father, at the beginning of the spring of '67, having contracted several [thousand?] head of steers to one Andy Adams, to be delivered [at Fort Summer, ??] [was?] outfitted and started two herds, at intervals of several weeks, [Dow?] Sayer in charge of the first herd; Rich [?] is charge of the second.

Of the thrid herd my father took charge, and he, my mother, four children, nine cowboys, and [25000?] head of steers took up the trail at [??], McCulloch county, [?]; the trail that [was meant to end, and did end in a way, at Fort?] [Summer?]

At a glance it does not seem to have been a very suitable trip for a young family, but, "other days, other ways," and my mother was faced with the choice of going with the possible protection of ten men, or staying, with the doubtful protection of C12 2/11/41 Texas 2 neighbors; protection not depending on willingness of neighbors to protect, but on how quickly she could get to them, when protection was needed.

She was a good shoot and a brave woman, but it was inconvenient to do her work, and take care of four children, with a six-shooter buckled around her waist, and it was nerve racking, when she heard that Indians were in the country, to have to take the four children on one horse, to get to the neighbors some miles away. All this she had done during previous absences of my father when delivering cattle.

So all things considered, staying seemed more hazardous then going, and the adventurous journey began, with an ox wagon to carry supplies, a spring wagon for the family, and Mexican carts for hauling all the water possible to haul, when the Staked Plain had to be crossed.

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When we arrived at the head of the Concho River, the [?] gold hunters were camped there for a rest. The men of the two parties agreed to cross the "Plains" together, meaning to go on in a few days. While resting, my father's brother overtook the outfit, bringing the information that those in charge of the two proceeding herd had been attacked by Indians, the cattle taken from them, and driven across the [?], and into the wild country beyond [?] some of the men had returned to [?], others had gone to Fort [?].

My uncle urged my father to return with him to the settlement, but my father would not consent. When my uncle was eloquent in insisting that my mother and the children return with him, but my mother held to her former resolution, and the journey began again. The [?] party for some reason still delaying at Concho..

The herd moved slowly, the cattle grazing as they traveled, and slowly two miles were left behind, but the weather was fine and the country beautiful.

[?] valleys were alive with magnificent dark herds of buffalo, and the world 3 from horizon to horizon, the altogether lovely and interesting.

But the trail led on and on! the trees and flowers, the streams and the valleys [?] left behind, and the length of the terrible [?] Plain had to be [?], for days days. Endurance was almost at a breaking point, when we finally [?] through to Castle Canon, twelve miles from Pecos River.

At that place the cattle could scent the water, and they became crazed, impossible to hold, and went thundering through, in a mad race for the river, and as they rushed in that Spectacular [?], we were seeing almost the last of them. My father left the heavy wagon in the Canon, and all hands followed the departing herd to the river. When we came in sight of it, the cattle had had their fill, and were grazing along the banks.

[?????] on the Pecos, and the possibility of an attack by Indians had not been overlooked. All precaution had beentaken, but though a campfire might be hidden, 25000 steers can

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not be concealed, and while we were eating dinner, there was suddenly the bound of many horses running, and about 150 Indians rode into view, got up in the full [?] of our war paint and feathers, and shooting as they came towards us.

Their first objective was the horses, tied within the precincts of the camp, and immediately a lively skirmish took place, the men trying to hold the horses, the Indians trying to take them. It was soon apparent that the Indians would either take the horses, or kill them, and that would include us too, so my father ordered the men to cut the horses loose, and when that was done, both Indians and horses disappeared.

The wagon drawn across the mouth of a [?] was our only protection, and we could all have been killed in a few minutes, had the Indians so minded, but instead, a queer and long drawn out battle took place.

A number of Indians would tear madly past our little [?] shooting at us with bows and arrows, our en grimly returning the [???]. 4 Three of our men were wounded, and so were some of the Indians, but how many or how badly, we did not know. My mother gave what aid she could to the wounded, and helped load the guns for the fighters till she [??] shot, and she became to weak from lack of blood to continue.

In the late afternoon the Indians left to round up the cattle and run them across the river, and my father took advantage of the chance to move us all to the old [adobe?] walls, all the children and the wounded men were put in the wagon, the wagon being pulled by the men.

Then began those three days mentioned on the title of this narrative. We were surrounded, held prisoners, expecting any minute to be murdered by the overwhelming number of savages, who were continually in sight, letting us know they were on the job, sometimes making signs that they wanted to [?], but never coming close enough for speech, when my father went to meet the chief.

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Nothing happened until the morning of the fourth day, when along the trail to the east, by which we had come, there rose a cloud of dust, which our men knew to be caused by horsemen riding fast... white men...more Indians? We did not know, but the Indians did, and long before the horseman came into view, there was another dust cloud to the [?] of us, made by our [?] captors, all vanishing along the trail made by the stolen cattle.

Our [?] proved to be Col. [?] and his men, who were four days behind us. When they reached the Castle Canon, they found where the heavy wagon had been burned, and they knew that we needed help badly, and their coming proved our salvation.

And so we continued on our journey until we reached Fort [?], without any other mishap.